

Fortune Cookie

Finish your meat to get your Pudding

Fortune Cookie is an anthology series of short stories featuring magic and assorted transformation. All characters are over the age of 18. Be sure to check the Tags and enjoy!

Sarah rang the doorbell. Giving herself a quick once in the reflection of some glass she saw the same fairly average girl she always did, modest height at 5'7" and a mostly lean build thanks to her cardio workout. Her short hair stopped just shy of her shoulders. The top she had chosen for tonight revealed just enough cleavage to not be obnoxious about it, she wasn't exactly looking to score tonight but she wanted to "dress up" a little, Greg had turned out to be nice but she had dressed pretty conservatively for their first few dates, just in case.

Her train of thought was interrupted as Greg opened the door. He had a few inches on her, leaving her to look up to make eye contact. His messy light brown hair accented his hazel eyes. While she did cardio, his workouts were a bit more balanced, so while he wasn't big, he was nicely toned. "Come on in!" Greg's smile was infectious, instantly putting Sarah in an even better mood as she made her way inside.

They made small talk as they prepped and ate the Chinese take-out she brought. They were still getting to know each other but they had quickly found one particular common ground between them, a love for ridiculous comedy documentaries. As soon as they both complained about not being able to find time to watch and seek out more of their favorite genre they quickly realized they had a perfect excuse to watch them more frequently, together of course!

While Greg headed into the living room to get everything ready Sarah finished cleaning off her plate and was about to join him when she spotted a fortune cookie, she'd almost forgotten! Greg must have already grabbed his she thought as she grabbed it, peeled open the plastic wrapper and cracked the cookie open.

Sarah was caught off guard by how sharp and clear breaking the cookie had sounded. Her ears weren't ringing or anything, but she'd never had one break like that before. Looking down at the cookie she spotted the fortune glinting in the light, looking closer it was a sort of gold foil? She absentmindedly popped the cookie parts into her mouth as she started gingerly unwrapping the fortune, it ended up larger than she'd ever seen for a fortune, and it read;

"Finish your meat to get your pudding."

Sarah blinked....this fortune was either weirdly cryptic...or just absolute nonsense. What's the point of this sort of "fortune" when you've already finished your meal?

"All ready in here!" Greg called out from the living room, once again interrupting Sarah's train of thought. She grabbed the wrapper and the fortune, tossing them into the garbage, as fancy as it looked it was really just a let down.

Joining Greg in the living room they settled onto the couch and started watching the "documentary" they had picked out yesterday. As they got past the intro Sarah was starting to

feel a bit flush, had Greg turned up the heat or something? She tried to ignore it but it didn't go away, and it started to concentrate in a very...intimate...place.

Sarah groaned internally, really, right now? Sure it had been a few months since she'd enjoyed the company of a second person, but come on! She did her best to ignore her own growing urges, focusing on anything but the growing heat at her crotch. Fortunately while they were sharing the couch they weren't exactly all snuggled up so she at least didn't have to worry about getting handsy or anything.

As she was trying to distract herself she noticed something odd, Greg was shifting and fidgeting, adjusting himself but trying to be subtle about it, had Sarah not been so distracted she might not have noticed. As time dragged on he fidgeted around more often, he was trying to be subtle but was having less and less success with that as time passed.

Sarah couldn't figure out why though, then suddenly when the screen got bright for a few seconds, lighting up the darkened room for a second and she saw a bulge in his pants. On one hand, Sarah was flattered that she had caused this, on the other hand she really hadn't intended to "put out" tonight, even in light of her body desiring otherwise. As the scene changed in the documentary and the light dimmed Sarah couldn't help but think the bulge had actually looked a bit....odd?

She hadn't really gotten a clear look at it, she was trying to be subtle as well but now she couldn't stop thinking about it. Her body had continued to burn itself up, her nipples had joined the revolt and she could feel them pushing into her bra, triggering little sparks of pleasure as they rubbed against it as she shifted around.

Sarah tried to think of an escape plan that wasn't going to torpedo the whole night but she came up short. Scrambling to try and think of anything Greg tried to adjust himself once again and Sarah had an idea, maybe Greg was the key. She did her best to squash her desires for a bit longer. She had to hold out until at least...there! Greg squirmed again. Doing her best to feign a lack of awareness, she turned to Greg, "Are you feeling okay? You look a little...tense?" Uncertainty stained her words but that went unnoticed by Greg.

Greg's whole body went rigid, had the room been better lit Sarah might have seen his cheeks going red, "...Oh no I'm...I'm feeling grow- I mean good!" Greg's voice was cracking under the pressure as he averted his eyes before continuing, "I'm just really...uh...glad we can spend tight- I mean time like this! Yeah!" His nervous laughter punctuated just like the laugh track to the documentary they had been "watching".

"Oh uh here...let me rewind it for the part we missed..." Greg hastily offered and leaned forward to grab the remote from the coffee table. That's when she was able to spot his "bulge" again but this time she could have sworn it looked...bigger? She also realized something as she watched it shift in his pants, it wasn't like his dick was hard, the way it shifted almost looked like it was still soft, but for the bulge to be that big and not hard...

That realization sat for a moment before her subconscious walked that line of logic to its obvious

conclusion. Greg was packing a mighty tool and Sarah wanted, no, needed to see it, to taste it. Her arousal and Greg's potential overwhelmed her willpower and a new plan blossomed in her mind.

As Greg finished rewinding the show she laid her hand on Greg's thigh. He jumped slightly surprised and turned to look at her. "Are you sure you're feeling okay?" Sarah asked again, a bit of huskiness entering her voice and would have surely betrayed her intentions if Greg had not been distracted by his own predicament. She started to slowly slide her hand up along his thigh, "Is there maybe something I can...help you with hmm?"

Her question hung in the air as Greg sat there, stiff as a stone. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure somewhat to reply, "Oh!...oh no I'm fine really" he hastily brushed her hand aside, "Actually I think..uh...I need a drink!" He stood up, giving Sarah a bit of his show as his dick shifted inside his shorts, gravity working to drop it down and giving a glimpse of its actual length.

Unfortunately he wasn't quick enough, and just as he finished the first step to try and walk past Sarah, she struck. Her hands reached out, ran up along his shorts and under his shirt until she reached his waistband. A small smirk as she noted the lack of a belt, making it much easier to pull down his shorts and underwear far enough for her to release them, letting gravity do the rest. Greg for his part was simply too shocked to respond, of all the outcomes he might have assumed would happen, this hadn't been one of them.

Sarah meanwhile inspected her prize. Greg's dick hung down and even in the bad lighting she could tell it was something else. As she suspected it was still soft and yet it was maybe seven inches long and an inch and a half thick. "Damn Greg, where have you been hiding this fine piece of meat?" Greg swallowed, "Well uh I didn't want to come onto you here and force things but uh..." his stammering was interrupted by Sarah reaching up to grasp his dick as it hung there. "Forget all that, I want this dick!" Sarah licked her lips, "How big are you going to get?" Looking up at his face he looked like a deer in the headlights as Sarah started to gently stroke his shaft.

"Oh..uh...I don't know?" Greg was basically on autopilot and Sarah was too focused on his dick to realize just how absurd that sort of answer was. "I guess I'll find out soon enough." Sarah mused as she released his dick and started to pull off her top and followed by her bra, discarding both to the floor. Greg could only stare at Sarah's tits, his dick started to throb as his heart rate picked up, his blood flowing south.

Sarah was oblivious to Greg's focus as her focus was firmly locked onto Greg's dick, she licked her lips as it finally started as it started getting erect. As she watched she noticed something else, Greg's balls matched his dick, each as big as her fists, and the thought of how much cum he had for her caused her arousal to spike even higher. She leaned forward, the still hardening dick brushing against her cheek, its musk filling her nostrils but for now she had other plans, she pulled herself upwards, eventually trapping Greg's dick between his stomach and her breasts.

"Mmmmm, let's see just how big you can get." Sarah's words were almost slurred as she started

grinding their bodies together, titfucking the most glorious dick she'd ever seen. Greg's erection quickly finished getting hard between them, she felt every throb and jerk, her own excitement growing just as fast as this glorious dick she was tending to. Greg could only groan and do his best to stay standing while Sarah grinded against him. Sarah's efforts were paying off as dollops of precum started dribbling out and giving his dick and her cleavage a slight shine as their motions rubbed it around.

Sarah tried to settle into a rhythm but she just couldn't, after a bit she pulled back and she saw the reason why, Greg's dick had gotten bigger. Not just longer but also a bit thicker. This glorious piece of meat was simply too big for her to titfuck properly. At first Sarah just figured he'd finally gotten fully erect thanks to her ministrations but was shocked when she got a glimpse of his balls, they had almost doubled in size!

"Why...why are your balls so big?" Sarah's lust-addled mind did the best it could to get an answer. Greg reached down and his eyes went wide as he felt up his new balls, the sensation causing a fresh bit of precum to ooze out. "I don't...know?" Greg stammered from shock as much as pleasure. "This has never happened to me before!"

Sarah licked her lips, "Well I think I know how to take care of you..." Relief flashed across Greg's face, "Really? What are you going to..." Sarah interrupted him with a slow, sensual lick, one that started at the base of his dick and slowly worked up his entire length. Greg's dick throbbed and his hips jerked but Sarah stayed the course, eventually reaching his glans, eagerly lapping up the precum that dribbled down his length from her stimulation. It didn't taste normal, it wasn't salty but she couldn't quite pin down the taste either.

She didn't let that distract her from the task at hand. Having reached the tip she pulled back for a second, took a deep breath and brought her lips right to the tip. Greg's dick twitched as her lips made contact but she pushed onward, or rather downward, spreading her lips as she took more and more of the head into her mouth, her lips stretching wide for a second before she fully engulfed the entire glans.

Greg could only mutter "The whole thing?" Before Sarah's tongue started teasing as much of his glans as should could reach inside her stuffed mouth. As Greg shuddered above her his dick continued to slowly pump its precum into her mouth. She still couldn't quite pin down what the taste was, but whatever it was was growing on her. Her mind drifted as she wondered how tasty his actual cum would be.

Her hands made their way to Greg's balls and grabbed at them. Or at least she tried, whatever was happening to him wasn't done as his balls had continued to swell up, becoming too large for hers to grab them properly. She did what she could in this awkward position to knead and massage them. Size aside they didn't feel the same as other guys' balls, Greg's were...denser it felt like. Her efforts rewarded her with more of his precum but she wanted the real deal, the fact that Greg had held out this long was amazing.

Clearly there was only one way for Sarah to get what she wanted, no, what she needed! Regardless of how impossible it should be she started to push her head down Greg's long and

girthy dick, desperate to swallow his entire length. Progress was slow, the sheer size making her stop frequently to give her mouth and neck a chance to ease up to stretching his dick forced them to do.

After some effort Sarah has managed to swallow down just over half his length. She can't see it but she can feel her neck being distended by Greg's girth and even just the mental image of it is enough to drive her wild. Having swallowed this much of his dick, she swears she can still feel it growing slowly. Sarah steels herself and resumes her efforts, which wants all of his cum, all of his dick.

Greg meanwhile has been quite distracted by the feel of Sarah's mouth and throat on his dick. It wasn't his first blow job but he'd never experienced anything quick like this. Sarah's neck and mouth felt tight, as if they were wrapped around his dick like a condom. He couldn't quite see it himself but he could feel his balls continuing to grow, to fill. Sarah's hands felt smaller and smaller as they fondled his expanding balls.

Sarah continued in her quest to swallow his entire dick, pushing her lips ever closer to the base of his meaty pole. His continued growth was starting to worry her but she had a feeling it'd all work out if she got it all in, her lust overwhelming any attempt at logic. As she got closer it was harder to see how much she had left but she didn't quit. She jumped in surprise as Greg reached down with his hand and gently wrapped his fingers around the bottom of her throat. Effective wrapping his fingers around the bottom of his dick through the tight wrapping of her throat. Even just his touch sent a bolt of pleasure directly to her pussy but he then started to slowly slide his hand along the short length of her neck.

Through the haze of pleasure Sarah did her best to moan despite how completely her mouth and throat were occupied. Greg was jacking himself off through her throat! It turned out to be just the extra bit of help Sarah needed to finally swallow his dick all the base. Her stretched lips brushing against his trimmed pubes.

As Greg continues stroking himself through her, Sarah realizes she's about to orgasm, from giving a blow job! Hardly a normal one, but the feel of Greg griping her throat, and using it to pleasure his dick lodged in her throat was simply more than she could handle. It didn't take long before her orgasm rocked her body, she was well secured thanks to the length and girth of Greg's dick but the throes of her orgasm seemed to push Greg over his own edge, just as he had pushed her.

Greg gasps, his body spasms, Sarah feels his balls start to throb. This is it, what she worked so hard for! Greg's hands grab the back of her head, instinctively holding her down, not that Sarah had any plans of pulling herself off now. Sarah feels something new, a pressure, first she feels it pushing down on her tongue but then it travels deeper, pushing at her neck when she realized what it is, Great's urethra bulging from the sheer amount of cum he was about to bless her with, she was about to receive the cum she'd worked so hard for!

Greg bent over as the first blast of cum finally left his dick. His groans continued as blast after blast was shot almost directly into Sarah's stomach. Sarah felt a second orgasm starting to build

as the warmth of Greg's cum started to fill her core. She pussy clenching in time with the pulsing of his dick.

Sarah grew somewhat concerned as she started to feel full despite Greg's orgasm not showing any signs of waning. She could feel his urethra bulging with each blast of cum he released. Soon she was feeling more than full, stuffed to the brim, and yet his orgasm continued. Her hand drifted down to her stomach, already finding it more rounded than it should be.

Greg's balls seem bottomless as he pumps more cum into Sarah, her stomach growing larger with each pulse. Sarah was along for the ride at this point, between Greg's grip and sheer length and girth she wouldn't be able to pull herself off, and she was surprised by how little she wanted to even. Her arousal builds as she feels her stomach starting to rest on her thighs as she kneeled before the man filling her up. As her hands started roaming her expanding belly her second orgasm hit her hard, her muffled moans vibrating the dick lodged in her throat, her body instinctively doing all it can to milk his glorious balls dry.

Finally Sarah could feel the intensity of Greg's orgasm fading alongside her second orgasm, the pulses weren't as intense and growing less frequent. His grip started to relax on her head and she slowly started to pull herself off of his dick as it started to soften and shrink down thankfully.. His last few blasts filled up her throat as she finished pulling it out, his cum filling the void left by dick.

Sarah instinctually swallowed the last bits of cum as she finally pulled the glans free from her mouth, his dick drooped down, christening her cum filled belly with one final shot of cum. Her hands idly rubbing it into her skin as she caught her breath from the ordeal. Looking down she could finally see just how much cum Greg had filled her with. Her belly was massively swollen, large enough to pass for a pregnant belly at 8 or 9 months. As she stared at it in a daze she mentally noted how it wasn't quite sitting right, her belly had more give than a pregnant woman's and the cum inside sloshed around and shifted as she moved.

A final sigh from Greg caught her attention, looking up from her belly just in time for Greg to sluggishly drop down to one knee, "Are you...okay?" he stumbled on his words, clearly exhausted from the ordeal. As Greg lazily yawned a wave of exhaustion started to drag Sarah under as well, the floor under them was sticky from their assorted fluids, but neither cared as they laid down in each other's arms.

Just as Sarah was falling asleep, she realized something, "He tasted like pudding..." just as she fell asleep.

Some time later, Sarah slowly woke up, blinking the sleep from her eyes she tried to process the thoughts and images floating through her head, at first mistaking them for the remnants of a dream but as the grogginess was pushed back and she looked down, the reality such in as she saw her bloated belly. Fortunately it wasn't as full as it had been earlier but it was still very noticeable.

Looking over at Greg she couldn't quite make out if his dick was still as oversized as it had been

earlier, it was still dark here on the floor. As Sarah roused Greg and got up to take stock of the situation, there was no mistaking it, she wanted to taste him again...